

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

The official forecast for to-day indicates that it will be warmer, with showers.

Congressman Hartman's tongue seems as long as Peffer's beard; his anger whirled like a Montana cyclone.

Western people deny that they need missionaries. Have they not Peffer, Waite, Mrs. Lesse and Schlatter?

Notwithstanding the fate of Joe Blackburn, Mr. Vest is proceeding with his arrangements to Kentuckyize Missouri.

In 1880 the Southern delegates were counted for Sherman till Alger converted them. McKinley may take warning not to count them till they are safely voted.

Hon. Warner Miller is said to own a franchise in an up-State delegate whose second choice is McKinley. If this sort of Morton support becomes general Mr. Platt will be compelled to return to his crutches.

The Republican Presidential candidates refuse to respond to the requests for their views on the financial question, probably on the theory that a straight answer turneth away delegates.

THE CHEAP HOMES PROBLEM.

Professor Felix Adler hardly overstated the truth when he told the ladies and gentlemen attending the Improved Housing Conference, the other evening, that there has been much talk, and little else, in this city for the last thirty years about ameliorating the lodging of the poor. Magnificent plans have been discussed and then laid aside. Like rapid transit, model houses for people who depend on wages have seemed to be unattainable. But now a great and practical movement has sprung up, and appears likely to result in the abolition of the worst form of housing, and the creation, on its ruins, of workmen's homes which will be worthy the name.

New York City was originally started out of its apathy about the crowding of the poor by the fear of the cholera. It took some measures for sanitation, and halted there. London and Paris meantime were experimenting with model tenements, and lavishing millions upon some of the establishments erected according to the latest principles of healthy living. But they were paying closer attention to the transit problem than to the question of housing. With workmen's quick trains London placed vast areas at the disposition of the laboring classes, and facilitated the task of the building societies, who rendered it easy for the workman to own a home. There is hardly any great European city which is not far in advance of New York in this matter of quick transit for workers. London, Paris, Vienna, Buda Pesth—all have provided for the comfort of their wage earners by enabling them to live in airy and pleasant suburbs, and to get to and from their work speedily. They are not compelled, like thousands of New Yorkers and Brooklynites, to spend two hours in transit at night, when they are worn out with toil, arriving at home only after their children are in bed, and when they are literally too weary to eat.

Dr. Albert Shaw, in his paper read before the Housing Conference on Wednesday evening, remarked that if New York had been possessed of anything like the organized energy even of a Liverpool we should have seen such a public work as the Mersey Tunnel duplicated here three over. The energy is beginning to manifest itself, but it is not directed sufficiently toward rapid transit as yet. The landlords who are getting fat dividends out of the congested districts probably do not lend much encouragement to the plan for scattering the workmen and their families over the comfortable districts on the outskirts of New York and Brooklyn.

The speeches made at the Housing Conference demonstrated the willingness of the capitalist to build proper houses for the workers; but efforts in this direction will be useless unless a rapid transit system can be extended at the same time. Here and there on the East Side model lodging houses—like those to be erected by Mr. D. O. Mills—will offer a relief from the comfortless crowding now the rule. But what those who have most carefully studied the subject aim at is the creation of a separate independent home for the family of every workman. This demands quick access to tracts a few miles out from the city's center. Robert Treat Paine told at the recent

Conference how the scheme of small houses, substituting the comfort and brightness of the home for the dinginess and squalor of the tenement house, has succeeded in Boston. Mayor Strong says that our chief hope of rapid transit is from the elevated and surface roads. Underground transit, if started to-morrow, would not be available for at least six or seven years. Meantime the population of New York City alone is increasing at the rate of 100,000 a year. Who can conduct this eminently necessary campaign for new homes for our workmen, and new and commodious lines of transit for reaching them? Greater New York will be strangely incomplete without it.

No matter who may finally win the prize at St. Louis, the McKinley bird is first on the ground to gobble up the Southern delegate worms.

THE PRESIDENT'S DISAVOWAL.

The President having explicitly denied that he inspired, or knew about, or is in any way accountable for, the recent declaration of intention regarding the Cuban resolutions, it behooves us all to fall to and believe him as hard as ever we can. Yet one cannot altogether forget that, among the dainty devices of those who hold the reins of power without knowing exactly whither to drive, the disavowal declaration holds high rank and favor. Indubitably the President did not in this instance see his way very clearly. He sees it more clearly now, and it must be accepted as a most beneficent example of the workings of the great law underlying coincidences that the declaration which he did not know about was fraudulently put forth at the exact time when its effect would be, and was, precisely the same as if he had inspired it. Thus even the most mysterious and least comprehensible of nature's orderly processes inures to the advantage of the worthy, and is a lamp to the feet of the righteous.

A disavowal from Secretary Olney would be interesting, but is not required; and even Secretary Thurber may without offence hold his (Secretary Thurber's) tongue with both hands. If we do not know what His Excellency (the President) will do about Cuba when Congress is done with that distracted and unhappy isle, we at least know as much as we knew before, and have the comfortable consciousness that Mr. Cleveland knows a good deal more than he knew before. There is, of course, the haunting and disquieting circumstance that the disavowal is itself unauthenticated and may be a wicked deception.

However all this may be, and however the President may feel about Cuba, there can be no question that the American people have made up their minds to serve upon the Spanish Government a notice to quit Cuba at its earliest convenience. Between that mandate and those to whom it is addressed neither the President nor anybody will very long be permitted to interpose himself, if so minded. Whether, after Cuba (by her own exertions preferably, but not necessarily) has purged herself of the ultimate vestigial remnant of Spanish life, it will seem wise and expedient to become her successor is a question that may safely be left to the solution of time. There is in this country as yet no considerable sentiment in favor of annexation, though the views of such a man as Mr. Murat Halstead are not lightly to be ignored when calculating the probability of such a sentiment hereafter. At any time within this century we could have Cuba for the taking.

The resolutions which have passed the House of Representatives, and are before the Senate with a good chance of passing on Monday, do not commit us to war. May it please the students of Salamanca and the idlers of Barcelona, the purpose is to commit the Spanish Government to a policy of humanity. The writ of eviction is to be read between the lines of Spanish-American history, where in good faith and with sentiments of esteem we commend it to the attention of our illustrious correspondents, the Queen Regent and Senor Castelar.

Queen Lil's junk sale suggests a new and profitable industry for detroned royalty.

KEEP THE CANAL NATIONAL! Congress is not likely to look with favor upon the strange new scheme for consolidating the Nicaragua and Panama Canal projects. The latter might have been thought to be as dead as the

door nail on which De Quincy expatiated so eloquently. It is true that sporadic attempts are made to revive it, but the French butchers, bakers and candlestick makers who had such bitter deceptions under the De Lesseps Administration will not go on forever pouring silver franc pieces into an isthmian ditch. The uses of the incomplete canal as an object lesson are apparent; it would be unwise on the part of the projectors of the Nicaragua route to associate their enterprise with one which has been so infelicitously halted.

National aid certainly should not be given to an undertaking which would be so distinctly international as the Nicaragua-Panama affair. We should be likely to have a French council of administration, looking into every smallest detail of the management of a waterway which is the quickest ship route between our Atlantic and our Pacific coasts. If French capital and French supervision were admitted, John Bull would come clamoring to be admitted to the management, also, and would indulge in all sorts of intrigues if his requests were not granted. The purely national control of the Canal will be safest. There is no need to go abroad for money for the creation of a grand interoceanic highway which should remain absolutely under our influence.

Russian papers comment on Spain's attitude toward the United States as ridiculous. It may become dangerous to Spain.

THE RETURN OF INGALLS.

John James Ingalls, of Kansas, statesman, is hunting a job. This is welcome news, for he does not get the job he will add hilarity to Western politics in the attempt; if he gets it he will enliven the Senate again with the truculent wit and keen satire of one of the best debaters in American politics. He began his loquacious career by emigrating from Massachusetts to Kansas in 1857. In 1858 he was practicing law in Atchison; in 1859 he was a member of the Wyandotte Convention; in 1860 he was Secretary of the Territorial Council; in 1861 he was a member of the State Senate; in 1862 a member of the Territorial Council, and an unsuccessful candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. At this period of his career he invaded the newspaper profession for a brief and not brilliant engagement with the Champion. In 1864 he ran for Lieutenant-Governor, to be defeated again. About this time, according to Senator Blackburn's entertaining biography, Ingalls was serving his country as a blatant warrior in the Judge Advocate's office condemning chicken thieves and drawing a liberal wartime salary. In 1873 he was elected to the United States Senate. He retained the seat till 1891, when he was beaten by the hirsute phenomenon who responds for Kansas now. At this time a fire destroyed his residence, and providentially spared the country a book which Mr. Ingalls was about to publish. That book would probably have prevented his reappearance in public life. His enemies could not have wished a greater calamity.

This sketch shows that Mr. Ingalls has been a very active patriot; too active, in fact. He needed retirement, and the country needed rest. The country got Peffer, which was a change, at least, and Ingalls got time to catch his breath between jobs, to think in plain English, and to contemplate Peffer. Meantime he is sixty-three years old, and has had an opportunity to grow less explosive and more reflective. This is evident from a recent interview, which was refreshing and sensible because there was no phrase-making in it.

There is no denying the ability of Mr. Ingalls, but it is certain that he worked too many platitudes into odd combinations. He assembled words as a bold impressionist painter assembles colors—for startling effects. There is nothing creditable to the craftsman in either combination. One is painful to the eye, the other to the ear, and both make an intelligent and cultivated person feel sorry that the painter or the orator has not done something that will stir the emotions to laughter or tears, not something, which, like a lecture on art by a corn doctor, makes us grin. Mr. Ingalls was as erratic as Peffer has ever been. He played the Harlequin; Peffer has played Pantaloon. If he should return to the Senate, which is doubtful, he should become as useful as he is able, as dignified as he was scurrilous. After contemplating Peffer's antics he should show us a statesman from the West, not a crank from the State with a grievance.

The anti-Congress Trust measures may be all right, but their preliminary movements show a pugilistic species of procrastination most discouraging to the consumers.

The eloping Viennese lovers, having obtained a refreshing amount of free advertising from the papers, should utilize it and go on the stage. If it be true that all the world loves a lover, they ought to draw well.

Comptroller Fitch gave the Mayor a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour on Wednesday, when by his resolution he practically asked the Mayor to remember his former utterances and be guided by them. If there is one thing Mayor Strong has reformed with a big R. it is his memory. He hates to be reminded to remember.

Sherman Hoar and George Fred Williams.

Washington, March 6.—To-day I cut the trail of Sherman Hoar and finally had a glimpse of that red-headed statesman as he tripped nimbly about the Capitol. The sight of him recalled a former day. Four years ago came the Fifty-second Congress. It had been made heartily democratic by the billion dollar grabbing and the Redden despotism of the one before. Among Bay State contributions to the Democracy on this Fifty-second Congress stood Sherman Hoar, George Fred Williams and a harmless person known as Andrew. These were all of the bluest blood of Plymouth Rock nobility. Andrew was the son of a former Governor; Hoar was the nephew of Senator Hoar, albeit he'd laid aside pure Republicanism for a thumb-sucking, soothing syrup Mugwumpery, and Williams, who he'd changed his name from "some" to "George," was a German, it sounded like a Pan-Democratic, as I now recall it was still and somehow a recognized prince of Massachusetts, born in the purple.

When these three new-hatched publicists struck town, callow, downy, replete with plume feathers and conceit, they excited much interest and some glee. Their self-sufficiency was a lesson to peacocks. They strutted about as in a sem, admiring each other and themselves with much warmth, but as they promised no harm, and as Washington is used to this sort of thing in new young Congressmen, the trio met everywhere a gentle, amused toleration and all was well.

It was plain that with a vain confidence born of their years and origin, they committed these rusty old codgers like Culberson, Joe Sawyer, Bill Hatch and others of that brood, who while numbering their credit several terms, were—to the boyish, buoyant three—plainly unfit for law making; and they resolved to go to the front, give the old dray-house element a lesson, teach folk how the thing should be done, and offer the nation and the world an example of the legislative process to come. As these young persons poked brightly about at that time, if they served to remind an overworked people of anything it was the three little maids from school, popular in the "Milkmaid."

But, like cub bears, their troubles were all before them. As a first step they turned ardently in to elect Mills Speaker, and the way they buzzed about that Texas gentleman, the ineptitude and the coldness of the birds were busy with a holyhoke. Mills met defeat, gnashing his teeth at fate, and the three boy Congressmen were left out in the House cold. Sherman Hoar, at the announcement by the caucus tellers of Mills's overthrow by Crisp, burst into tears and wept to a degree absolutely romantic. But those tears are another story. Mills's defeat was a blow to their plans to be great; they were not named on the important committees they had pictured, but took obscure perches instead. Yet even in adversity their love was unabated, and the poor trio clung to one another like bairns in an attic.

They were all Mugwumps; they were proud of it and wanted it understood; and this Mugwumpery was the reason of much grief to them from time to time. Once old Papa Walker, a Republican from Massachusetts, and in to-day's Congress chief of the Banking and Currency, defined a Mugwump at the expense of George Fred Williams, with whom he was having just then a cat-clawing.

"The gentleman's a Mugwump, Mr. Speaker," shouted Walker, pointing a finger at Williams, "he's a fairer than the gentleman's a Mugwump. And, Mr. Speaker," here Walker had an inspiration, the words came to him, "he's a fairer than the gentleman's a Mugwump. And, Mr. Speaker, a man who has been educated beyond his capacity."

The House laughed, and Walker's definition was at once accepted as a faithful, though short, description of not alone Williams, but Andrew, Hoar and all. It was this same Williams who got a jolt from Colonel Bill Hatch. The anti-optic member was making a very loud and long speech on the subject of the House of Representatives, and in the middle of it, as he came around to the space in front of the clerk's desk where they faced Hatch, he was stopped by the shoulder of Williams and looking, in his pure, Back Bay beauty, much like a honey-suckle, he said to him, "You know the House of Representatives, don't you?"

Williams bore hard on the loud peep when he said, "I represent."

"See here, sir," continued Williams, with much the men of an enraged chrysalis, "I don't know what you mean by such a thing as that. I am offering to trade the Democracy I represent for the Farmers' Alliance."

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The Sunday Journal.

So, I am, out to make an epigram, once said: "The noblest study of mankind is man." This sounds well, has a euphonious glow on the ear like church chimes. But, after all, when one sits down and takes the statement soberly in hand, there is so great good sense to it. An analysis would show it to be about nine-tenths sound and one-tenth fact. It is to be utterly doubted if the near study of mankind has taught nobility to man. Sure it is that man keeps and man guards, the turnkey, warden or the guards at this, that or the other institution, all of whom have men always before them as a study, and every one a different lesson leaf, are brutalized and hardened thereby. Their study of mankind has not ennobled them. By the time they are ready to graduate these turnkey students of humanity generally need killing themselves.

But a truce to the study of man; whatever may be said, there is surely no more engaging sport on earth than hunting a man. The chase of criminals has always been alluring to most natures. We can't all, of course, give way to it. We can't all be Lecons, Vidons, Pinkertons, Sherlock Holmeses and ex-Superintendents Byrneses. But we can read of these man-hunts and be part thereof in imagination. We can study the systems of the thief-takers and applaud or disapprove. It has saddened the progressive to note that the methods of apprehending crime-workers, as time flowed on, have had so little improvement, and that the old ruse scheme, popular in the rude days of Moses, of taking the malefactor by the scruff of the neck and dragging him to a dungeoned cell, still obtained in all its unornamentation. "But a change is at hand. We will do better hereafter. Occult processes are to be invoked, processes which cannot fail, and criminals are to be discovered and nabbed in a manner consistent with the scientific day in which we live. Read of this detection of criminals and their capture, by processes mysterious, occult, but sure, in to-morrow's Journal."

Here is an article to be in to-morrow's paper which should eat Herr Most with interest. Indeed, all Socialists, Anarchists and civilization smashers generally ought to be much held and instructed thereby. These dissatisfied ones, anxious for a new and equal deal, mad over their beer, because one is rich and another poor, and howling for a new division of wealth, should read the article. It imagines this division of property, so shouted for by every beer-drinking, unreasoned humanitarian as all accomplished, and it goes forward to exhibit just how much each man, woman and child would have, and what he, she and it would do with it. Let Herr Most get Sunday's Journal and read whether he is anxious for the world to drift.

Would you believe that there is a scientific and an unscientific way to walk? Any recruit who has been shouted at by a drill sergeant to stand on the balls of his feet rather than on the heels, who has been exhorted to square back the shoulders, throw out the chest and draw in the stomach, being frequently induced to the last named by some sudden rip with the flat of a cane where it would do the most good, could tell you that there is a scientific way to stand. Well, there is a decidedly scientific way to walk, and you ought to know. The subject will be thoroughly shaken out in to-morrow's Journal, and if you will get the paper and read the article you will trip to your Monday's toll on scientific principles and look down on those clods who do not read the Journal and go shuffling and shambling along in ignorance.

Our insane asylums are already talking of organizing overflow meetings. They are getting far too popular, these crazy houses. So, nothing must be done to stunt and dwindle the steady and increasing stream of humanity that flows ever into Bedlam. It would appear that help is at hand. A scientist comes forward with the discovery that much of our insanity is the result of early rising. Get up on early feet at such early hours as 8 a. m. or even earlier, he says, the cause of a large part of all the twisted intellect which we have to look up. He declares that early rising and insanity go hand in hand. We have suspected, may, were sure of this great truth for years. It is therefore highly gratifying when this eminent expert comes forward to show that we were right. In to-morrow's Journal he sets forth his views, gives you his facts and his feelings in a brilliantly written paper on early bed as a cause of insanity. Get it, read it and lie abed until you feel sure your reason is safe.

Just now the Kings, and even the Queens, of earth are having an anxious time. Thrones are getting a little shaky, to say the least. There is one extraordinary number who will be written about in Sunday's Journal, and whose story you should be true to yourself and read. Whether he is good or bad, wise or foolish, will all appear by inference from the story, and the whole will be an admirable delight on a class of what is called a king class, which a great number of us think might safely be dispensed with in every earthly affair except draw poker.

And now comes forward a lot of callous beings who can't find any sweeter, better use for girls than to play checkers with them. Why, it's like loading a gun with diamonds in lieu of bird shot! Actually, these creatures mark off a checker board of grand size on the floor, and instead of the customary pieces, take a dozen girls on a side and proceed with the game. Now the question occurs to you, as it does to us, How can it be when some victorious girl has jumped, skipped and battled her way into the other fellow's king row? It's all settled and made clear how to play checkers with girls in the role of checker pieces in to-morrow's paper. And just what happens when a girl is crowned a king is fully set out. You should read it and then round up the neighborhood for debutantes and organize a game of checkers with them. It would be a world-wide winner at church societies.

Postal Clerks Not in an Uproar.

Dear Sir:—The article in Wednesday's edition of the Journal entitled "Postal Clerks in an Uproar" is very unfair, particularly so to an official who seems to have been connected therewith by some malicious person. In justice to best office clerks, and explanation of the situation erroneously stated in the article named, permit me to state that no amendment was offered or voted down at the meeting referred to, neither did the members present at such meeting indulge in more than animated discussion over their deliberations. The reference made by the article is entirely unfounded and in keeping with the animus which inspired your informant. Very truly yours, JOHN F. O'NEILL.

President N. Y. Branch N. A. P. O. Clerks.

Admission and Entry.

Mr. John Jacob Astor has "sworn off" paying taxes this year to the extent of a trifle over two millions. The industry required to produce this sum in personal property is, as alleged, and the courage to swear to the achievement in court, compel the admiration and envy of even Chicago tax shirkers.

"THE SCARLET LETTER."

Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is a great temptation to the people of the stage, both operatic and dramatic. They can't let it alone, in its classic, library glory. Hester Prynne, with her brand of adultery, must be dragged to the footlights for some plump matron to impersonate, while Arthur Dimmesdale, with his potent confession, fills the stellar masculine heart with famous auditions. And so it came to pass that last night at the Academy of Music, Walter Damrosch produced a new "American opera," in three acts, founded on Hawthorne's romance, by Charles Parsons Lathrop (irreverently programmed as Lathrop), and composed by the enthusiastic Damrosch himself.

Fortunately I studied Mr. Lathrop's "book"—his "dramatic poem," as he aptly calls it—carefully before I went to the Academy. I say fortunately, because without such study its beauties would have been delightfully undiscovered; for at no time during the performance was the English language intelligible. In fact, I cannot swear that the opera was sung in English. My private impression is that everybody spoke Volapuk, though somebody in the lobby informed me that it was all in Choctaw Indian, and somebody else suggested Hindustanee. Anyway, the opera was not in German, for not a solitary "Ach" was uttered. I can positively affirm that.

Mr. Lathrop's poem is well worth reading. It is a clever, dignified, and exquisitely conceived arrangement of Nathaniel Hawthorne's idea. It is most scholarly, and is absolutely reverent. Liberties of a kind have been taken with the story. Little Pearl is nowhere to be found, owing to the absence of vocal phenomena and to the presence of Gerry. Hester and Dimmesdale are both staid with tragedy, and as Mr. Lathrop has explained, "Incidents are changed, re-modelled or transposed." The operatic story is direct and quick, and Mr. Lathrop has done a noble piece of work. The great variety of feet, measures and stanzas due to the requirements of the music. Mr. Lathrop, however, need not fear. If Hawthorne had inspired Damrosch equally satisfactorily "The Scarlet Letter" would be a great work. That, however, it most assuredly is not.

Damrosch is an enthusiastic, conscientious, hard-working person, who feels that he must be up and doing. In this musical effort he has displayed abundant energy, but no inspiration. He has nothing to say, but he has a most preposterous desire to say it. Silence with him is not golden. He does not believe that it is better to be mute than to talk without originality. The music of "The Scarlet Letter" is consistent and persistently noisy. It is an imitation of Damrosch's beloved Wagner, without any of Damrosch's beloved Wagner's subtlety and emotionalism. The orchestration is clever and massive, but the line that separates music from rumpus is not very clearly defined. In fact, in this "Scarlet Letter" music nothing is defined. It is almost impossible to grasp Mr. Damrosch's meaning, a fact that will surely cause the opera to be appreciated in some quarters—in quarters, however, that will not influence public opinion.

Damrosch does not utter a musical remark that will ever be quoted. People sit in owl-like solemnity, and tried to imagine that they were enjoying themselves. They heard the interminable recitation of Hester Prynne, and the incessant exhortation of Arthur Dimmesdale. This couple never indulged in melody. Perhaps Mr. Damrosch thought it wickered to treat ill-fated love with melody. He wanted to punish both Hester and Dimmesdale, just as ardently and narrowly-minded as did the Puritan men and women who made up the chorus. The punishment he meted out was severe, and a great deal of it fell upon the audience. That was hard lines. The audience had not sinned. The audience was there with the best of intentions, namely, to encourage the enthusiastic, but unwholesome Mr. Damrosch.

Surely in the story of "The Scarlet Letter" so excellently arranged by Mr. Lathrop, we might have expected a few whiffs of music that would perfume the memory for at least a few days. There were none. The rampaging orchestra pounded out the weightiest sounds, and to the singers were assigned no comfort. The orchestra was the sole point in "The Scarlet Letter" that it was possible to appreciate.

Johanna Gadske sang the role of Hester Prynne in a comfortably comic opera and almost soubrette dress. The scarlet letter looked very pretty branded in red and spangles upon a neat gray gown, nicely and fashionably made, and "art square" at the bodice. Under the trying circumstances that surrounded her, Hester garbed herself very cosily. The orchestra was very agreeably sung. Johanna Gadske's voice was in excellent form, and dramatically, also, she left nothing to be desired. The men were not so fortunate. Barron Berthold, as Arthur Dimmesdale, was "off the key" once or twice, and when he was not off, he sang with a sort of apathetic vehemence. Conrad Behrens was a ponderous Governor Bellingham, and Wilhelm Meisinger an inoffensive Roger Chillingworth.

The opera was effectively staged, Hester's hut in the forest being particularly pretty. The Avenue A Puritans worked very zealously in the interpretation of Mr. Damrosch's choruses, and they were so ugly to look at that you could quite understand their intolerant demeanor toward poor Hester and her Dimmesdale.

Mr. Damrosch deserves credit for the energy that made this production possible. It was a great thing to be able to draw a big New York audience to a big New York theatre to hear a brand new work. And the audience treated Damrosch with the utmost consideration. He was applauded furiously and brought before the curtain. I am quite sure that he spent a most enjoyable evening. As conductor he worked harder than anybody in the cast. He jumped, he danced, he gyrated and he prouetted. A more frenzied conductor-ship I have never beheld.

ALAN DALE.

The Manderson Boom.

(Hartford Courant.) General Manderson is indignant that any one should think him capable of letting himself be used as a candidate of straw, staking-horse, or cat's-paw by the enemies of some other candidate. The General is a man of great pride. He says, he is not that kind of boom. So long as it answers that kind of purpose, however, the scheming bosses will be content. They are not concerned in the least about the General's personal sentiments in the premises.

Emphasizes His Value.

(Washington Post.) Every time Mr. Whitney writes a letter he emphasizes his value as a Presidential possibility.

Or at the Chicago Meeting.

(Chicago Tribune.) One year from now there will be some swearing done in Washington by a person who will be selected for that purpose at a meeting to be held in St. Louis next June.

Old Occurrences Out of Town.

WEDNESDAY'S Dying of Consumption. Perhaps the most distinguished party of tourists the Brown Palace Hotel, at Denver, Col., ever gave shelter to registered there last week. All of its members did not register, for one—and he the most distinguished—of them.

They all, in his way—cannot form a letter of the alphabet. The illiterate traveller is a fox terrier, far advanced in years and suffering from consumption. It is his phthisis in its last stages. But it is not to his consumption, however, that the fox terrier owes his high distinction among canines, for distinguished he is above all living and dead members of his genus and species.

Some time ago he became heir in his own right to the fortune of \$50,000. The money was willed to him by his master, a wealthy and aristocratic Philadelphia named Davis. The dog is in Colorado by the advice of his physician, a well-known veterinarian of the Quaker City, who hoped the mild climate and dry atmosphere would benefit the health of the opulent canine invalid.

Like many rich members of the human family, wealth and ease have not brought happiness to the four-footed legatee of the \$50,000 fortune. Day and night the poor creature, if such a term be properly applied to a dog with a big bank account, can be heard coughing in the most dismal fashion. He has now been afflicted with tuberculosis for nearly a year, and is steadily growing worse. Should the balmy airs of the Rocky Mountains fail to bring him relief it is highly probable, though sad to contemplate, that the bulk of his terrier's legacy will either go to buy him a grave-stone, or revert to the State of Pennsylvania. It is understood that the fox terrier will leave no heirs, and that Mr. Davis, of Philadelphia, failed to make other provision in his will for the disposition of the \$50,000 than that it should be expended in caring for his commonplace pet.

Mr. Davis is now dead. When in life and health he attached himself to the terrier, then a poverty stricken pup. He soon grew to love the little animal dearly, and in time they became constant companions. In the service of his master the fox terrier grew old. At last the death sickness came upon Mr. Davis, and with almost human presence the dog came to recognize it. A Philadelphia who claims to be acquainted with the facts of the singular story says that during the last illness of his master the faithful fox terrier neither ate, slept nor ceased to whine mournfully. At the funeral the dog is said to have been an obviously sincere mourner.

"El Diablo Americano."

The numerous friends of Frank R. E. Woodward will be astonished, though pleased, to learn that he is coming back throughout the West as a dime museum exhibit.

The news reaches New York from Chicago by courier, the latter being William Wetliason, who was formerly a colleague of Mr. Woodward's in the Minneapolis Tribune. For the benefit of that small proportion of the community to whom Mr. Woodward is unknown it may be necessary to state that he went to Cuba in February of last year, when the affairs of that island were in a much less troubled condition than at present. Being to certain characteristics possessed by Mr. Woodward, the pre-eminent degree he became a war correspondent for a paper which endeavors to sell itself for one cent in the city and two cents in the rural district. Possibly it was because of this fact that he was subsequently arrested by the Spanish soldiers, and, according to his story, printed a few months later in pamphlet form, he would have been put to death had not he managed to slip the things which he had taken, and escaped to the coast on the back of a stolen horse. Upon his return to the United States, which was then enjoying a season of profound peace, Mr. Woodward became a familiar figure on Park Row and in the more favored resorts of the Tenderloin. Then he disappeared, and a deep sense of relief will be experienced in many circles now that it is known that he is doing the Western dime museum circuit.

"He was at Kohl & Middleton's Park Street Museum, Chicago, the week before last," says the courier, "and I became aware of his presence by passing the museum and noticing a huge banner, fully ten feet high, swinging over the walk. This banner represented a tall, evil-looking man, with a white mustache, white suit and wide sombrero. In his right hand he held a mace dripping blood, while in his left was a smoking revolver. On all sides of him were dead and dying Spaniards, lying face down, and beneath this sanguinary portrait was the inscription, 'Captain Frank R. E. Woodward, the daring and intrepid newspaper correspondent who, by his ferocious bravery on behalf of the Cuban patriots, earned the sobriquet of the "Diablo Americano." In the above picture the American Devil is seen cutting his way through a company of Spanish infantry. Come in and gaze upon this truly brave hero. Admission, 10 cents."

Inside the American Devil was seen seated upon a platform beside a lady with six-foot hair. He was dressed in white, and his feeble little blond mustache had been augmented by interwindings of waxed horse hair. Knives, machetes, pistols, carbines, bombs and other implements of insurrection were on either side of the captain, and at the end of each hour he arose and described to the enthralled audience how he cut his way through the Spanish infantry. He cannot return to Cuba to aid the patriots, he announces in his lectures, because the price of 10,000 pesos has been placed upon his head.

Park Row and the Tenderloin will undoubtedly be interested to learn that the Diablo Americano will be on exhibition in the course of the next few weeks in Kenosha, Port Wayne, Terre Haute, St. Joe, Atchison, Leavenworth, Omaha, Council Bluffs, Sioux City, Des Moines and Cedar Rapids.

